The STORY of WAITSTILL BAXTER

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CHAPTER XI.

Haying Time.

EVERYBODY in Riverboro, Edgewood, Milliken's Mills, Spruce Swamp, Duck Pond and Moderation was "haying." There was a perfect frenzy of haying, for it was the Monday after the Fourth, the precise date in July when the Maine farmer said goodby to repose and "hayed" desperately and unceasingly until every spear of green in his section was mowed down and safely under cover.

If a man had grass of his own he cut it, and if he had none he assisted in cutting that of some other man, for "to hay," although an unconventional verb, was, and still is, a very active one and in common circulation, although not used by the grammarians.

Whatever your trade and whatever your profession, it counted as naught in good weather. The fish man stopped selling fish, the meat man ceased to bring meat, the cobbler as well as the judge forsook the bench, and even the doctor made fewer visits than usual. The wage for work in the hayfields was a high one, and every man, boy and horse in a village was pressed into service.

When Ivory Boynton had finished with his own small crop he commonly went at once to Lawyer Wilson, who had the largest acreage of hay land in the township. Ivory was always in great demand, for he was a mighty worker in the field and a very giant at "pitching," being able to pick up a fair sized haycock at one stroke of the fork and fling it on to the cart as if it were a feather.

Lawyer Wilson always took a hand himself if signs of rain appeared, and Mark occasionally visited the scene of action when a crowd in the field made a general jollification or when there was an impending thunderstorm.

In such cases even women and girls joined the workers and all hands bent together to the task of getting a load into the barn and covering the rest.

Deacon Baxter was wont to call Mark Wilson a "worthless, whey faced, lily handed whelp," but the description, though picturesque, was decidedly exaggerated. Mark disliked manual labor; but, having imbibed enough knowledge of law in his father's office to be an excellent clerk, he much preferred traveling about, settling the details of small cases, collecting rents and bad bills, to any form of work on a farm. This sort of life, on stagecoaches and railway trains or on long driving trips with his own fast "trotter," suited his adventurous disposition and gave him a sense of importance that was very necessary to his peace of mind. He was not especially intimate with Ivory Boynton, who studied law with his father during all vacations and in every available hour of leisure during term time, as did many another young New England schoolmaster.

Mark's father's praise of Ivory's legal ability was a little too warm to please his son, as was the commendation of one of the county court judges on Ivory's preparation of a brief in a certain case in the Wilson office. Ivory had drawn it up at Mr. Wilson's request merely to show how far he understood the books and cases he was studying, and he had no idea that it differed in any way from the work of any other student. All the same, Mark's own efforts in a like direction had never received any special mention.

When he was in the hayfield he also kept as far as possible from Ivory, because there, too, he felt a superiority that made him for the moment a trifle disconcerted. It was no particular pleasure for him to see Ivory plunge his fork deep into the heart of a haycock, take a firm grasp of the handle, thrust forward his foot to steady himself and then raise the great fragrant heap slowly and swing it up to the waiting hay cart amid the applause of the crowd.

Rodman would be there, too, helping the man on top of the load and getting nearly buried each time as the mass descended upon him, but doing his slender best to distribute and tread it down properly, while his young heart glowed with pride at Cousin Ivory's prowess.

Independence day had passed, with its usual gayeties for the young people, in none of which the Baxter family had joined, and now, at 11 o'clock on this burning July morning, Waitstill was driving the old mare past the Wilson farm on her way to the river field.

Her father was working there, together with the two hired men whom he took on for a fortnight during the height of the season. If mowing, raking, pitching and carting of the precious crop could only have been done at odd times during the year or at night he would not have embittered the month of July by paying out money for labor. But nature was inexorable in the ripening of hay, and Old Foxy was obliged to succumb to the inevitable.

Waitstill had a basket packed with luncheon for three and a great demijohn of cool ginger tea under the wagon seat. Other farmers sometimes served hard cider or rum, but her father's principles were dead against this riotous extravagance. Temperance, in any and all directions, was cheap, and the deacon was a very temperate man, save in language.

The fields on both sides of the road were full of haymakers, and everywhere there was bustle and stir. There would be three or four men—one leading, the others following—slowly swinging their way through a noble piece of grass, and the smell of the mown fields in the sunshine was sweeter than honey in the comb.

There were patches of black eyed Susans in the meadows here and there, while pink and white hardhack grew by the road, with day lilies and blossoming milkweed. The bobolinks were fluting from every tree. There were thrushes in the alder bushes and orioles in the tops of the elms, and Waitstill's heart overflowed with joy at being in such a world of midsummer beauty, though life during the great heat and incessant work of haying time was a little more rigorous than usual.

The extra food needed for the hired men always kept her father in a state of mind closely resembling insanity. Coming downstairs to cook breakfast, she would find the coffee or tea measured out for the pot. The increased consumption of milk angered him beyond words, because it lessened the supply of butter for sale.

Everything that could be made with buttermilk was ordered so to be done, and nothing but water could be used in mixing the raised bread. The corncake must never have an egg; the pie crust must be shortened only with lard or with a mixture of beef fat and dripping, and so on, and so on, eternally.

When the girls were respectively seventeen and thirteen, Waitstill had begged a small plot of ground for them to use as they liked, and beginning at that time, they had gradually made a little garden, with a couple of fruit trees and a thicket of red, white and black currants, raspberry and blackberry bushes.

For several summers now they had sold enough of their own fruit to buy a pair of shoes or gloves, a scarf or a hat, but even this tiny income was beginning to be menaced. The deacon positively suffered as he looked at that odd corner of earth, not any bigger than his barn floor, and saw what his girls had done with no tools but a spade and a hoe and no help but their own hands. He had no leisure (so he growled) to cultivate and fertilize ground for small fruits and no money to pay a man to do it, yet here was food grown under his very eye and it did not belong to him!

The girls worked in their garden chiefly at sunrise in spring and early summer or after supper in the evening. All the same, Waitstill had been told by her father the day before that she was not only using ground, but time that belonged to him, and that he should expect her to provide "pie filling" out of her garden patch during haying to help satisfy the ravenous appetites of that couple of "great, gorming, greedy lubbers" that he was hiring this year. He had stopped the peeling of potatoes before boiling because he disapproved of the thickness of the parings be found in the pig's pail, and he stood over Patty at her work in the kitchen until Waitstill was in daily fear of a tempest of some sort.

Coming in from the shed one morning she met her father just issuing from the kitchen where Patty was standing like a young Fury in front of the sink. "Father's been spying at the eggshells I settled the coffee with and said I'd no business to leave so much good in the shell when I broke an egg. I will not bear it. He makes me feel fairly murderous! You'd better not

"I will not bear it."

leave me alone with him when I'm like this. Oh, I know that I'm wicked, but isn't he wicked too and who was wicked first?"

Patty's heart had been set on earning and saving enough pennies for a white muslin dress, and every day rendered the prospect more uncertain.

Waitstill's patience was flagging a trifle, too, under the stress of the hot days and the still hotter, breathless nights. The suspicion crossed her mind now and then that her father's miserliness and fits of temper might be caused by a mental malady over which he now had little or no control, having never mastered himself in all his life. Her power of endurance would be greater, she thought, if only she could be certain that this theory was true, though her slavery would be just as galling.

It would be so easy for her to go away and earn a living. She who had never had a day of illness in her life: she who could sew, knit, spin, weave and cook. She could make enough money in Biddeford or Portsmouth to support herself and Patty, too, until the proper work was found for both.

But there would be a truly terrible conflict of wills, and such fierce arraignment of her unfilial conduct, such bitter and caustic argument from her father, such disapproval from the parson and the neighbors, that her very soul shrank from the prospect. If she could go alone and have no responsibility over Patty's future, that would be a little more possible, but she must think wisely for two.

And how could she leave Ivory when there might perhaps come a crisis in his life where she could be useful to him? How could she cut herself off from those Sundays in the choir, those dear, fugitive glimpses of him in the road or at prayer meeting? They were only sips of happiness, where her thirsty heart yearned for long, deep drafts, but they were immeasurably better than nothing.

Freedom from her father's heavy yoke—freedom to work and read and sing and study and grow—oh, how she longed for this! But at what a cost would she gain it if she had to harbor the guilty conscience of an undutiful and rebellious daughter and at the same time cut herself off from the sight of the one being she loved best in all the world!

She felt drawn toward Ivory's mother today. Three weeks had passed since her talk with Ivory in the churchyard, but there had been no possibility of an hour's escape from home. She was at liberty this afternoon—relatively at liberty, for, although her work, as usual, was laid out for her, it could be made up somehow or other before nightfall. She could drive over to the Boyntons' place, hitch her horse in the woods near the house, make her visit, yet be in plenty of time to go up to the river field and bring her father home to supper.

Patty was over at Mrs. Abel Day's learning a new crochet stitch and helping her to start a log cabin quilt. Ivory and Rodman she knew were both away in the Wilson hayfield. No time would ever be more favorable. So, instead of driving up Town House hill, when she returned to the village she kept on over the bridge.

(To be Continued)

John Bright on Peace.

John Bright's sublime figure of the Angel of Death has passed into a commonplace of journalism, and the splendid passage of his other speech against the Crimean war is almost equally well known from the opening words: "I am not, nor did I ever pretend to be, a statesman," to the peroration: "And, even if I were alone, if my voice were the solitary one raised amid the din of arms and the clamors of a venal press, I should have the consolation I have tonight—and which I trust will be mine to the last moment of my existence—the priceless consolation that I have never uttered one word that could promote the squandering of my country's treasure or the spilling of one single drop of my country's blood."

No Use.

When you fail to wind up your timepiece there is no use to swear next morning like a pirate when you discover that it has served as one of the silent watches of the night.—New Orleans States.

HON. EDWIN P. MORROW

Candidate for Republican Nomination for Governor.

The announcement of Edwin P. Morrow, of Somerset, Ky., as a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor, has met with the most enthusiastic reception among Republicans in every section of the State. The sentiment is now so overwhelmingly for him that it is believed by many that he will not, and should not, have opposition.

The universal popularity of Mr. Morrow among Republicans springs from many sources, and is in every way fully deserved. In the first place, he comes from a line of old time Republicans—men who fought for and made the party in Kentucky. His father, Colonel T. Z. Morrow, was a Union soldier, and one of that small but wonderful body of men who organized the Republican party in Kentucky, and was one of the few men who stumped the entire state for Abraham Lincoln. He is a nephew of the late Senator, W. O. Bradley, the greatest of all Southern Republicans, and it is said by those who know him best that Ed Morrow is a chip off the old block and will preserve the best traditions of his blood. His friends give reasons by the hundred in support of his candidacy and demonstrating that he is the right man and the most available candidate to lead his party to victory in November. Among others, the following may be noted:

First: He is in every way splendidly qualified to fill with distinction the high position to which he aspires. He is a lawyer of recognized ability, thoroughly grounded in the knowledge of constitutional law and limitations, fully conversant with the various departments of the State Government and has for years been a deep student of all legislative questions. He is a young man—imbued with the spirit of progress, filled with enthusiasm for the welfare of his native State, and as Governor will give to its people a clean, efficient and businesslike administration.

Second: He will stand upon, maintain and defend the platform of the Republican party made in the Lexington Convention, and if elected will carry out in full honor every pledge made by his party to the people.

He has never been offensively allied with any faction, has the good will and a widespread popularity with former Progressives, and will poll the full vote of his party.

Third: The mountains, The Gibraltar of Republicanism, desire his nomination, and are vigorously demanding that the tremendous vote given by the Eleventh District entitles their Favorite Son to this honor, and they will, if he is nominated, show their spirit and appreciation by rolling up from the "hills and hollows" the most overwhelming majority ever given the party.

Fourth: As a campaigner he has no equal in Kentucky, having been upon the firing line since he was sixteen years of age and in every State and National campaign has spoken throughout the entire State for his party. When he takes the stump this year he will arouse the old-time enthusiasm, demonstrate the failure of Democratic State and National administrations, and let the boys in the trenches know that victory is in sight.

Fifth: He has more Democratic friends than any Republican in the State, and they will find it an easy matter to vote for the man they really like and admire. Above every other consideration, his friends believe that he is the one man who can carry his party to success and "bring home the bacon."

adv.

WORST CENSOR IN HISTORY

Sir Roger L'Estrange in 1663 Suppressed All Criticisms of the British Government.

The severest press censor of which English history bears record was Sir Roger L'Estrange. This worthy was appointed to the post in 1663 and he threw himself whole-heartedly into his duties. According to C. B. Roylance Kent, "he suggested that the number of master printers in London be reduced from sixty to twenty, that printing offices be subject to inspection and have no back doors; and that in addition to the ordinary treasonable and seditious publications culprits convicted of small infractions of the law be condemned 'to wear some visible badge or mark of ignominy, as a halter instead of a hatband, one stocking blue and another red, a blue bonnet with a red letter T or S upon it.'"

But L'Estrange went further. He was opposed to newspapers altogether, because the reading of them "makes the multitude too familiar with the actions and counsels of their superiors, too pragmatical and censorious, and gives them not only an itch, but a kind of right and license, to be meddling with the government." All newspaper criticisms on the government were rigorously suppressed during L'Estrange's censorship. Indeed, he succeeded so effectively in muzzling the press that "his majesty said several times he wondered how it could be done."

TOOK HOYT AT HIS WORD

Invited Guests of Theatrical Man, in Stage Parlance, Were There "for a Run."

It was the habit of Charles H. Hoyt, the dramatist, to invite almost everybody he met to come up and spend a few weeks with him at his summer home in New Hampshire.

"Come up and stay a couple of weeks with me," he would say, when he had talked for a few moments. "Glad to have you. I need company up there."

One night Hoyt, Ben Dasher, W. H. Currie, Frank McKee and several other house guests of Hoyt's were sitting on the veranda of Hoyt's summer house waiting for dinner. The train had just arrived and they saw an old farmer and his wife coming up the path.

"Who are they?" asked Hoyt. "I never saw them before."

"The dickens you didn't," replied Currie. "That is that old yap and his wife you talked to over at Springfield and invited to visit you."

"Oh, well," said Hoyt, "maybe they are just coming in to dinner. They will take the night train back."

Then he looked again and saw the hired man behind the farmer and his wife and wheeling a big trunk on a wheelbarrow.

"No, by George!" shouted Hoyt, "they are here for a run!"

And they stayed a month.

Fighting Dust With Dust.

About the hardest problem to be found in coal mines is the dangerous dust produced by the ton every day and scattered over miles of roadway and workings, the removal of which by vacuum or other means is next to impossible.

The best preventive thus far seems to be that of fighting dust with dust. Sprinkling has been tried to keep the air free from inflammable dust mixture. Salt has been scattered over the floors to gather moisture, and prevent dust from rising. The dust has been cleared from parts of the mine to form barriers, over which the flames from a dust explosion is not likely to pass. Now, however, the best results seem to come from the scattering of stone and clay dust over the coal dust throughout the mine. This makes the coal dust nonexplosive, and sections treated with the noninflammable dusts form better barriers against an explosive than the old dustless barriers.—James H. Collins in the Saturday Evening Post.

Distance Lends Enchantment.

It is well to live far away from your relatives so you can brag about them.—Atchison Globe.

Satisfaction Is Dangerous.

It's good to be gratified, but dangerous to be satisfied.—Sheldon.

Daily Optimistic Thought.

The light was given for all.

The Scrap Book

Juliet Got the Light.

At a small seaport town a star actress of the third magnitude appeared as Juliet.

"I cannot do justice to myself," she said to the manager, "if I do not have a limelight thrown on me when I appear at the balcony."

"We ain't got no limelight, miss, but I think we could get you a ship's blue light," replied the obliging manager, and to this the lady agreed.

THE ROCKET DID RISE.

The lad who went to the shop to buy the blue light brought back a signal rocket, which was given to him by mistake. The prompter took the rocket in good faith.

Romeo—He jests at scars who never felt a wound.

(Juliet appears. Prompter lights a match.)

"But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?"

(This was the match lighting the fuse.)

"Arise, fair sun!"

The sun, or, rather, the rocket, did rise with a terrific hiss. Juliet was knocked off the balcony, the fly borders were set on fire, and the theater was filled with a sulphurous smoke, while the audience, which was fortunately a small one, made a stampede to the doors.

Since then "Romeo and Juliet" has always been looked upon in that town as a dramatic work that could not be witnessed without personal danger.—London Express.

Need.

As earth needs night wherein to find the peace
That brings from strife and toil a glad surcease,
So earth needs sorrow, that our hearts may see
Beneath life's fret love's calm eternity.
—Arthur Wallace Peach.

They Were Missed.

I had once an amusing glimpse of Edward Hale and his numerous offspring. I was at the Redwood library (Newport) and heard the tramp of many feet and supposed it an excursion party; then his cheery voice. They had stopped on their way from Block Island to the Narragansett region, where they lived. I showed them a few things, and presently they streamed out again. Going toward the door, I met the elder girl returning and looking for something, as if she had dropped a glove or a handkerchief. I said, "Are you looking for anything?" She said, smiling shyly, "For a pair of twins." It was even so. Hale, counting up his party on the sidewalk, missed nothing but a pair of twins and sent her back to find them in some corner. — "Thomas Wentworth Higginson," by Mary Thacher Higginson.

Startled the Tailor.

A London tailor was once measuring Dr. Parker, who had a quaint sense of humor, for an overcoat, when suddenly the doctor broke forth in his most sepulchral voice:

"Can you measure the ineffable?"

The assistant looked up and saw that the doctor was extremely grave. He said:

"I beg your pardon, sir."

The doctor raised both his hands with a grand upward sweep and said:

"Can you measure the ineffable? Can you comprehend the infinite?"

"We'll make you a nice coat, sir," returned the puzzled assistant. Tapping the doctor's shin, he said:

"That's about the length, sir."

"Longer!" ejaculated the doctor in determined tones.

"There, sir?"

"Longer!" thundered the great man.

The tailor remonstrated. As a technical professional he could give points on tailoring to any preacher that ever wore a head.

"If you have it any longer you won't be able to walk," he remarked conclusively.

The doctor looked on him compassionately and, once more extending his arms toward the skies, said confidentially:

"I don't want to walk; I want to soar!"

Preserved Snow.

It was in the smoke of the limited, and the New England Yankee was talking of Joe Knowles, the Boston artist who took to the woods without food or clothing and lived there for some weeks by way of proving that nature is an adequate provider. The man from the Soo was skeptical. "Well," said he, "maybe he might do that in Maine, but out here, where we have weather, he never could have done it. Why, man, I've seen good sleighing out here in August."

The Pine Tree man never blinked, but replied: "Nothing wonderful about that. Why, up in Farmington (Me.) way, where Joe and I come from, they never think of using the snow until it's two years old."—Everybody's Magazine.